

wicked games
Julian-Jakob Kneer

Martini awoke up from a beautiful dream in a sleep of reason as perfect as the sonnet. All-fold brutal sonatas of the unearthly universe and seven heavens played by the dark ark himself in exchange for a mortal soul. Not his, this practitioner of mesmerism. Enraptured, transported, enchanted and awake without breathing, he drew another siren to the rocks. Calimari Wednesday, Arm aber Sexy: she washed up. They were all washed up. Love too wash them up. Young and dumb and full of glum. Elixir of quietude – just the right dose. Feeling so faithless. Lost under the surface. La voce to me!

His dream music haunted him deeper in still waters, cheeks grew gaunt, hair lank. Points emerged. Unable to work or sleep or go outside. Breathing with no air. At the time of initial evaluation, the patient was noted to have normal hygiene and grooming. He greeted the clinician and responded appropriately to questioning, but stated,

“I just don’t want to go outside”.

Barron’s IQ will make you shiver. First wives in cupboards start to stink.

Special and exceptional thanks to The very special Secret, but Mother’s love wears thin no matter how many cars get struck by lightning for you. Syncretic synergy. Another piece of the puzzle with none of the effect. All the junk DNA of the internet and it felt like a kiss: isle of stagnant apathetics, gums mashed with sugar leaves, avocado, your tears and tide pods. Three unclean spirits. Keket? Not even sure which team I genuinely belong to. Instigated madnesses. A royal flush. The lambs still screaming. Heh Heh *Hecate*. Different accounts. But still — no air.

Unbearable light in a Target ad. A uBahn prophecy: *don’t take her, fella!* This one got the shine. Something rotten buried in a desert bound in a bow. Took his shine too and licked chapped lips. Sublimated visions for sweetie. Dude I’m so cancelled. Turned an ankle. Ourobourous. Scaled walls. Three unclean spirits and a dup root social matrix, so cute. They built one another in white cliffs and white houses. But she traveled #88. Flotsam, Jetsam, now I’ve got him, boys! No air, no air, no air.

>be me

>gOthic shut-in in a haunted haus

>now you’rE the OnE iMAGining thIngs

...croak ;)

–Ella Plevin